THE HUMAN TORCH
COMICS
SEPT. No. 32
10¢
TORCH! I'M NOT BEING HELD PRISONER IN THERE! THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH DYNAMITE! IT'S A TRAP! TORCH! OH-- HE DOESN'T HEAR ME!

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THE HUMAN TORCH

"DOUBLE-CROSS IN DEATH!"

WHO IS ROBERT DAMMER? WHY SHOULD HIS ACTIVITIES HOLD ANY SPECIAL INTEREST FOR THE *HUMAN TORCH* AND *SUN GIRL?* WE WONDERED AND SO WILL YOU WHEN GUNS BLAZE AND JUSTICE TEARS OFF HER BLINDFOLD IN THIS ACTION-PACKED THRILLER OF...

3036

...AND FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER, I SENTENCE YOU, ROBERT DAMMER, TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY!

NO!

I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU! IT'S A *FRAME-UP!* YOU *CAN'T* SEND ME TO JAIL!

REMOVE THE PRISONER FROM THE COURT ROOM!

ROBERT! WE'LL GET YOU FREE... SOMEHOW... SOMEWAY...

I NEVER KILLED ANYONE, FRANCES! IF THERE'S ANY JUSTICE LEFT IN THE WORLD, THEY'LL FIND PROOF THAT I AM INNOCENT!

FIVE MONTHS! I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS! I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE THAT LONG!

MY APPEAL'S GOT TO COME THROUGH SOON! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE LETTERS FROM FRANCES, I'D GO OUT OF MY MIND!

ROBERT DAMMER!

THIS JUST ARRIVED FROM THE STATE CAPITAL! THEY TURNED DOWN YOUR APPEAL!

TURNED IT DOWN? B-BUT THEY CAN'T DO THAT!

I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR IT! I WON'T ROT AWAY MY LIFE IN THIS CELL!

BUT AS DAYS AND WEEKS PASSED, ROBERT DAMMER SEEMED TO BECOME RESIGNED TO HIS FATE! UNTIL ONE DAY...

NO ONE'S LOOKING! NOW'S MY CHANCE!

THE GUARDS WON'T CHECK THE LAUNDRY DETAIL FOR HALF AN HOUR! BY THAT TIME, WITH LUCK, I'LL BE OUTSIDE THE GATES!

Timely Globe

MURDERER ESCAPES!

DAMMER'S BEEN ON THE LOOSE *TWENTY-FOUR* HOURS, BOSS! THAT AIN'T GOOD!

JOE ESTERBAN DOESN'T GET RATTLED *SO* EASY! WHAT CAN A GUY IN *HIS* SPOT DO?

THERE WERE SOME CHARACTERS WHO WERE QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT THE NEWS...

SUPPOSIN' HE PAYS A CALL ON PIGEON! DAMMER MIGHT *PERSUADE* HIM TO *CHANGE* HIS STORY OF WHAT HE SAW WHEN HARRY STONE WAS SHOT!

HMM! PIGEON *NEVER* WAS LONG ON NERVE!

YEAH—PIGEON *COULD* GET RATTLED! JOE ESTERBAN DON'T TAKE CHANCES! WE'LL BUY PIGEON A *ONE-WAY TICKET*... OUT OF TOWN!

THE APARTMENT OF MORTY VANCE, BETTER KNOWN TO THE UNDER-WORLD AS THE PIGEON...

SOMEBODY OPENED THE DOOR! W-WHO'S THERE?

IT'S JUST *ME*, PIGEON! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

YOU—YOU MUST BE *CRAZY!*

EVERY COP IN TOWN IS LOOKING FOR YOU! T-THIS IS NO PLACE TO HIDE OUT!

YOU *LIED* ABOUT ME, PIGEON! AT THE TRIAL YOU SAID YOU SAW ME PUMP THREE BULLETS INTO HARRY STONE! I *WASN'T* EVEN THERE WHEN HARRY WAS KILLED!

I-I ONLY TOLD THE TRUTH! YA-YA WOULDN'T WANT ME TO LIE UNDER OATH, WOULD YA?

SOMEONE PAID YOU TO FRAME ME! SPEAK UP! WAS IT JOE ESTERBAN?

DID SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?

BOSS! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!

HE'S AN ESCAPED CON! SHOOT HIM!

WHA...?

CRASH!

THAT CANOPY SAVED HIM! GET MOVING! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

TORCH! LOOK!

WE'D BETTER HURRY!

KEEP SHOOTING!

INSTANTLY, THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SUN GIRL FLASH INTO ACTION!

CAN'T YOU SEE WHO IT IS, YOU FOOL? TWIST THAT WHEEL!

JOE ESTERBAN HIMSELF! I'VE BEEN WAITING A *LONG* TIME TO NAIL *YOU!*

NOBODY CAN TREAT MY BOSS LIKE *THAT!* THE *HUMAN TORCH* IS ASKIN' FOR A *LEAD TREATMENT!*

DON'T BE *TRIGGER HAPPY!* IT *NEVER* PAYS OFF!

OWW!

YOU GOT ME *ALL WRONG,* TORCH! I'M NOT BREAKIN' THE LAW! I WAS JUST TRYING TO UPHOLD IT!

THAT'S A *NOVEL* TWIST! KEEP TALKING, ESTERBAN!

AFTER THE GANG CHIEFTAIN EXPLAINS...

SO YOU WERE *REALLY* HUNTING DOWN A *DANGEROUS CONVICT?* I'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT ALIBI UNTIL I CAN *PROVE* IT *ISN'T* SO!

I *WOULDN'T* KID *YOU,* TORCH!

BUT YOU STILL HAD *NO* RIGHT TO TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS! I HOPE YOU'VE GOT LICENSES FOR THESE GUNS!

DO YOU THINK I'M DUMB? KEEP THEM, TORCH! MY LAWYER WILL GET THEM BACK FROM THE POLICE PROPERTY CLERK!

LUCKY FOR ME TORCH SHOWED UP WHEN HE DID! I'M *REALLY* IN *TROUBLE NOW!* IF ESTERBAN *DOESN'T* GET ME, THE *COP'S WILL!*

SOON...

ROBERT!

PULL THE WINDOW SHADES! LOWER THOSE LIGHTS! I'VE GOT TO STAY HERE AWHILE UNTIL THEY GET OFF MY TRAIL!

I'M SORRY TO MIX YOU UP IN THIS, FRANCES! BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I'VE ONLY A LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE COPS GET ME, AND I'VE *GOT* TO PROVE THAT I'M *INNOCENT!*

HARRY STONE WAS A *FRIEND* OF MINE! WE OWNED THAT BAR AND GRILL FOR YEARS... AND *AS PARTNERS! I'D NEVER* HAVE KILLED HIM!'

YOU THINK JOE ESTERBAN DID IT?

ESTERBAN WAS *ALWAYS* TRYING TO GET US TO PAY PROTECTION MONEY! HARRY AND I *REFUSED!* I'M *POSITIVE THAT'S* WHY HARRY WAS KILLED!

IF THE PIGEON HADN'T TESTIFIED THAT HARRY AND I QUARRELED, THAT HE *SAW* ME SHOOT HIM, THEY'D *NEVER* HAVE CONVICTED ME!

YOU'RE *RIGHT!* FINDING THE PIGEON AND FORCING HIM TO TELL THE *TRUTH* IS YOUR *ONLY* HOPE!

BRRING

HELLO! YES, WHO IS THIS?

THIS IS PIGEON! LISTEN, I KNOW YOU'RE DAMMER'S GIRL! HE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU! WHEN HE *DOES,* TELL HIM I *GOTTA SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY...* IT'S *IMPORTANT!*

WHERE SHALL I TELL HIM TO MEET ME, BOSS?

AT *YOUR* PLACE! TELL HIM THE COAST IS *CLEAR* NOW, AND YOU'RE READY TO *TALK!* MAKE IT CONVINCING!

HE SAID TO MEET HIM AT HIS PLACE, ROBERT! BUT I *DON'T* LIKE IT! A MAN LIKE THE PIGEON *WOULDN'T* RISK DOUBLE-CROSSING JOE ESTERBAN...

MAYBE NOT! BUT I'M GOING!

DON'T, ROBERT! I'M *SURE* IT'S A *TRAP!*

I HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE! HE'S MY *ONLY* HOPE! *YOU* SAID SO YOURSELF!

HE'S GONE! THEY'LL *KILL HIM!* OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?

SLAM!

I *CAN'T* CALL THE POLICE! BUT THE *HUMAN TORCH* SAVED ROBERT EARLIER! PERHAPS HE WILL *AGAIN!*

MEANWHILE...

WELL, HERE GOES!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

OKAY, WISE GUY! YOU'RE TAGGED!

DON'T TRY CRASHING OUT OF THE WINDOW AGAIN, DAMMER! *IT WON'T WORK!*

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

WHY, YOU...

YOU'VE GOT *PLENTY* TO LOSE, DAMMER!

OW!

LET *ME* HANDLE HIM, BOSS! I *OWE* HIM THIS!

HE *WON'T* BE SO FRISKY AFTER THIS GOING OVER!

CRACK!

OKAY, ESTERBAN, I WALKED INTO YOUR SPIDER WEB! WHAT NOW?

YOU'RE A *FIGHTER!* *THAT* TYPE IS *ALWAYS* DANGEROUS! AND YOU *KNOW TOO MUCH!*

SO DOES PIGEON HERE! JOE ESTERBAN IS A *CAUTIOUS* MAN! SO YOU'RE *BOTH* GOING TO *DISAPPEAR... PERMANENTLY!*

BOSS! YOU— YOU'RE *NOT* SERIOUS, ARE YA?

SORRY, PIGEON! BUT I'LL SLEEP *BETTER* KNOWING THAT YOU'RE WHERE YOU *WON'T TALK!* AND *NOBODY* EVER SAID *MUCH* WHILE HE WAS STANDING IN A CONCRETE BLOCK AT THE *BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!*

AT THIS MOMENT...

THE GIRL'S PHONE CALL SOUNDED URGENT, SUN GIRL!

SAVING THE LIFE OF A *DANGEROUS* CONVICT ISN'T EXACTLY A ROUTINE JOB FOR US, TORCH!

BUT IT'S A CHANCE TO *SQUARE ACCOUNTS* WITH JOE ESTERBAN!

THE APARTMENT'S *EMPTY!* LOOKS LIKE THE PIGEON FLEW THE COOP!

YOU LOOKING FOR MR. VANCE? I SAW HIM DRIVE OFF TOWARD THE RIVER, IN A BIG BLACK CAR! THERE WERE *FOUR OTHER* MEN WITH HIM!

THANKS FOR THE TIP!

·SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'D BETTER *HURRY*, TORCH!

D-DON'T KILL ME, BOSS! G-GIVE ME A B-BREAK! *P-PLEASE!*

I'M *SICK* OF LISTENING TO HIS SQUEALING! PUSH HIM INTO THE DRINK!

MEANWHILE-

SUDDENLY...

NOT SO FAST!

OW!

THIS SHOULD *SLOW* YOU UP A LITTLE!

OH!

IT'S THE *TORCH!* RIDDLE HIM WITH YOUR TOMMY GUN!

IT'S UP TO *ME*, PIGEON! *YOU'RE NEXT*, DAMMER!

NO! *AHHH!*

WRONG GLESS, ESTERBAN! *YOU'RE* NEXT!

LATER, ROBERT DAMMER IS FREED FROM THE CEMENT BLOCK... AND THE POLICE ARRIVE!

YOU'RE GOING FAST, PIGEON! DON'T YOU THINK YOU BETTER TALK?

THE DIRTY... HE *PLUGGED ME!* HARRY.. STONE' MADE ME... SAY... THAT DAMMER... DID IT!

HE'S *DEAD!* BUT HE LIVED *LONG ENOUGH* TO CLEAR YOU! YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THE STATE PRISON...

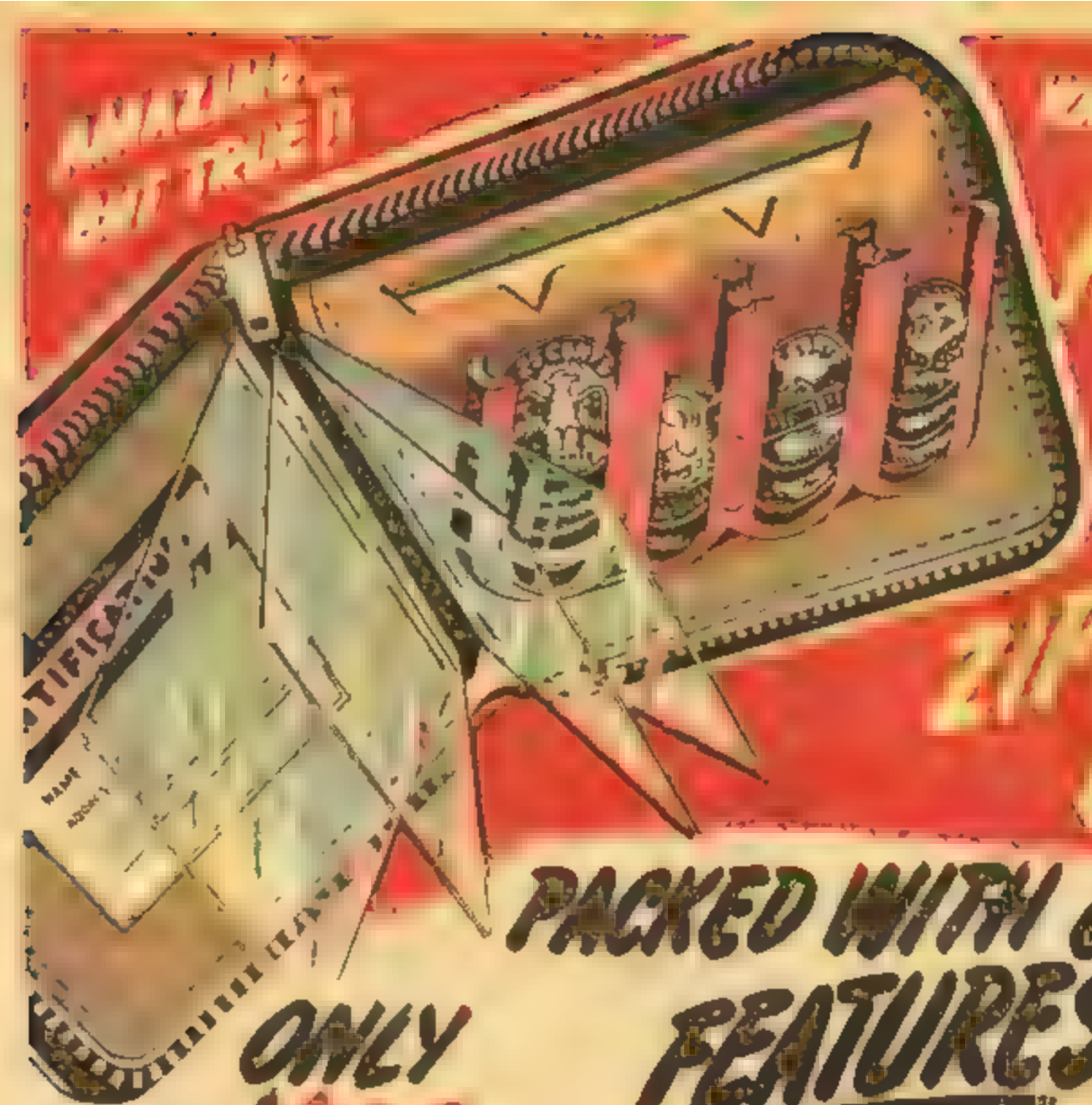
GOOD LUCK, ROBERT DAMMER! THIS TIME YOU CAN WALK OUT OF THAT GATE AND NO ONE WILL TRY TO STOP YOU! BUT THERE *IS* ONE FAVOR I'D LIKE TO ASK...

WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE, WILL YOU *RETURN* THE CLEAN SHIRT YOU... UH... BORROWED FROM THE LAUNDRY TRUCK? I CAN USE IT!

HA-HA! I'LL BE *GLAD* TO WARDEN! IT CAME IN *VERY* HANDY WHEN I NEEDED IT!

THE END

AMAZING BUT TRUE!!



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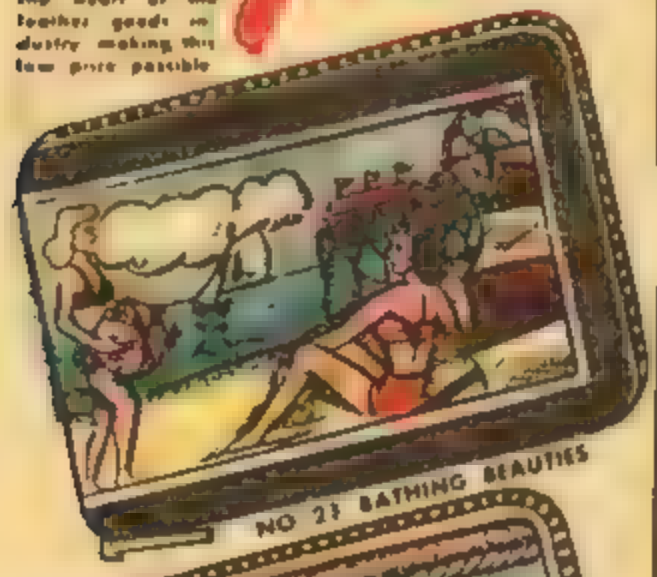
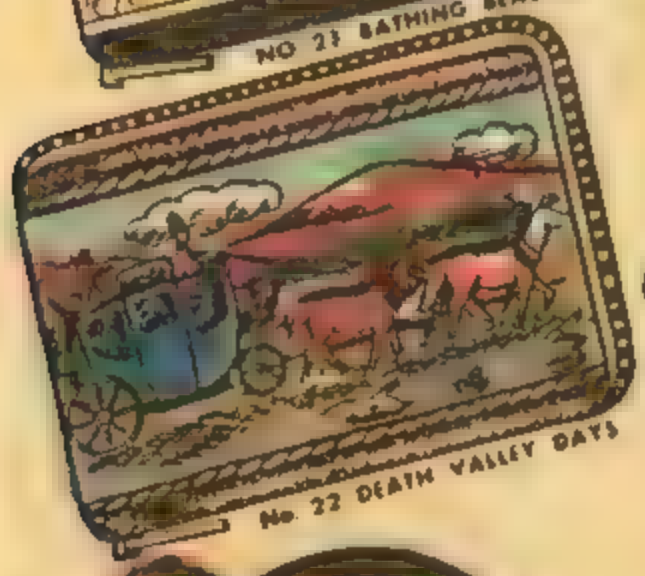


NO 21 BATHING BEAUTIES



No. 22 DEATH VALLEY DAYS

No. 23. RIDIN THE RANGE

No 24 ROMANTIC MEXICO

JUST LOOK ..AT THESE FEATURES!!

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- PATENTED SECRET POCKET
- Smooth sliding zipper
- Beautifully hand colored scenes
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SECRET POCKET KNOWN ONLY TO YOU KEEPS PRICELESS PAPERS AND MONEY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES!

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My Billfold Selection is _____
(Style No. & Title)
If ordering more than one, state how many and style numbers _____
MY NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE No. _____ STATE _____

FACTS ON FIRE!

A HUMAN TORCH SPECIAL FEATURE!

"THE BURNING OF ROME!"

3379

ONE OF THE GREATEST FIRES IN HISTORY TOOK PLACE DURING THE REIGN OF *EMPEROR NERO* OF ROME, IN THE YEAR, 64 A.D.!

"IT WAS ALLEGED THE EMPEROR, NERO, HAD IN MIND A PLAY BASED ON THE HISTORIC BURNING OF TROY, IN WHICH HE HIMSELF WANTED TO ACT..."

AH, SO BEAUTIFUL A TRAGEDY! IF ONLY WE COULD GET THE REALISTIC BACKGROUND OF A *REAL* FIRE!

YES, OH NOBLE LORD!

OUR EMPEROR FINDS STRANGE WAYS TO ENTERTAIN HIMSELF. BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS, SO ..

"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE !"

BY THE GODS! *FIRE! FIRE!*

AND OF SUCH DIMENSIONS! POOR ROME SUFFERS THIS NIGHT!

FOR EIGHT FRIGHTFUL DAYS THE FIRE RAGED! TEN OF THE MAGNIFICENT CITY'S FOURTEEN WARDS WERE DESTROYED!"

AH! SUCH A LOVELY SPECTACLE! AND A FITTING SETTING FOR MY HARP MUSIC!

AS THE LAST DYING EMBERS SMOKED, THE SENATE CLAMORED FOR THE BLAME TO BE CAST ON SOMEONE! *AND NERO HAD A PLAN!*

SEE WHAT THOSE BEASTLY CHRISTIANS HAVE DONE! BEAUTIFUL, GLORIOUS ROME GONE! *THEY* HAVE SET THE TORCH TO OUR CITY!

EMPEROR NERO PLACED THE RESPONSIBILITY ON THE CHRISTIANS, WHO WERE THEN SUBJECTED TO FIERCE PERSECUTION! IT HAS NEVER BEEN PROVED NERO STARTED THE FIRE, BUT WHAT A PRICE TO PAY IF IT WERE MERELY FOR THE EFFECT OF DRAMATIC BACKGROUND!

THE END

SUB-MARINER

IF YOU THINK YOU'VE READ EVERY KIND OF THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE, GIVE YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS STORY! BECAUSE, WHEN A FATHER'S LOVE FOR HIS DAUGHTER CROSSES WITH HER LOYALTY TO A CROOKED GAMBLER, THINGS EXPLODE WITH A BANG—AND IN THE MIDST OF THE EXPLOSION ARE ***SUB-MARINER*** AND ***NAMORA*** AND

"THE ROULETTE OF DESTINY!"

THE "GYPSY NEST" IS COZY, ELEGANT, AND AS WE SHALL SOON SEE... A SETTING FOR EVENTS QUITE OUT OF THE ORDINARY!

CHAMPAGNE FIRST, SASHA! THEN YOUR BEST STEAK!

ARE YOU REALLY HAPPY NOW, NIKI?

OH, ***YES!*** I'M SO GLAD I'M FINALLY OLD ENOUGH TO BE MY OWN BOSS!

I WANT YOU TO ALWAYS BE HAPPY!

I AM WHEN I'M WITH YOU, SPADE!

WILL YOU MARRY ME, NIKI?

BEG PARDON, MR BROWN, SOMEONE WHO *MUST* SEE YOU IS OUTSIDE!

BE RIGHT BACK, DARLING!

IT'S SLIM, BOSS! THE GUY'S OFF HIS *NUT!*

HER FATHER'S MILLIONS, A RESPECTABLE FRONT... AND *YOU* BUST IT UP JUST WHEN I HAVE HER EATING OUT OF MY HAND!

BOSS, ONLY *YOU* CAN HANDLE SLIM!

THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE, BOSS!

I'M THROUGH SPADE! *NO MORE* COLLECTING YOUR *DIRTY PROTECTION MONEY FROM HARD WORKING FISHERMEN!*

I'M NO LEECH...NOT ME! NOT LIKE SPADE BROWN, WHO CHISELS EVERYWHERE... COLLECTING *PROTECTION* MONEY FROM GENTLEMAN JOE'S FISHERMEN!

SLIM'S BEEN WORKING *TOO* HARD, SAM! HE NEEDS A REST... A VERY *GOOD* REST!

I'M THROUGH, I TELL YOU, THROUGH FOR *GOOD!*

MEANWHILE, IN THE STUDY OF GENTLEMAN JOE MALLON, WEALTHY POWER IN THE FISHING INDUSTRY...

I DON'T TRUST SPADE, SUB-MARINER, EVEN IF HE DOES CLAIM TO LOVE NIKI!

YOU'VE DONE A LOT FOR ME IN THE PAST, SUB-MARINER, BUT I NEED HELP NOW AS I'VE ***NEVER*** NEEDED IT! JUST ONE THING TO MAKE THAT HEAD-STRONG GIRL OF MINE BELIEVE...

BUT ***NOBODY*** HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET ANY TANGIBLE EVIDENCE AGAINST SPADE!

-R-RING! RING!

QUICK! DUCK!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

A MACHINE-GUN BLAST!

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR,, ***LOOK!***

OHH!

GENTLEMAN JOE, I KNOW,, ***HEAD OF PROTECTION RACKET... COURTING YOUR...*** OOHH!

HE'S ***DEAD!***

BUT I KNOW WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO SAY! SPADE, ***THE RACKETEER, IS COURTING MY DAUGHTER!***

LATER, BACK AT THE "GYPSY NEST"

I ***WON'T*** LET YOU MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF OVER THIS CHEAP ***CROOK!***

DAD, PLEASE!

NIKI'S TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN TO ANYBODY! SO... I'M WORKING ON YOU, SPADE!

YOUR FATHER SHOULDN'T TRY THAT AT HIS AGE, NIKI!

YOU'VE SPOILED EVERY-THING!

I WARN YOU, NIKI.. HE'S NO GOOD!

LATER, AT NIKI'S HOME ...

ALL THOSE LIGHTS? SOMETHING *MUST'VE HAPPENED!*

DAD, WHAT'S WRONG?

NOW I CAN PROVE TO YOU I'M *RIGHT!* THAT MAN IS A *MURDERER!*

HE HAD ONE OF HIS MEN KILLED AT MY DOOR, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SQUEAL TO ME!

THE FOOLS! WHY DID THEY HAVE TO LIQUIDATE SLIM RIGHT ON THE OLD MAN'S STEP?

DON'T TALK THAT WAY, DAD! SPADE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM! AND THE ANSWER NOW... IS Y■S!

MARRIAGE? A MURDERER LIKE THAT IN THE MALLON FAMILY?

NIKI, IF YOU MARRY SPADE, YOU ARE DISINHERITED!

SORRY, DAD... BUT, SOMEDAY I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE HIM AS MUCH AS *I LOVE HIM!*

MINUTES LATER...

...AND JUST THINK, IN A COUPLE OF DAYS WE CAN SETTLE DOWN IN A *HOME OF OUR OWN!*

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, NIKI!

BLUNTLY, NO MONEY, NO MARRIAGE! I'M *EVEN WORSE* THAN YOUR FATHER CLAIMS!

SPADE!

BUT I'VE JUST GIVEN UP EVERYTHING FOR YOU!

I SUPPOSE YOU *DO* DESERVE A *REWARD* FOR BEING A *CHUMP!*

YOU CAN HAVE "LADY LUCK," MY OLD GAMBLING SHIP! SHE'S TIED UP ACROSS THE RIVER, READY FOR SCRAPPING! SO LONG!

SOB... SOB!

SO DAD WAS RIGHT! BUT I'LL STILL PROVE TO HIM I CAN GET ALONG IN THE WORLD BY MYSELF!

A FEW MONTHS LATER...

SPADE GAVE ME THE THE OLD SHIP AS A JOKE! BUT I FITTED IT UP WITH EVERY LAST CENT OF MY OWN MONEY!

YOU'VE MADE IT INTO A WONDERFUL RESTAURANT, NIKI!

BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR FATHER N'KI?

SUB-MARINER, I'M STUBBORN, OF COURSE, BUT I MADE A MISTAKE *ON MY OWN!*

...AND I MEAN TO *MAKE GOOD ON MY OWN!*

SPADE!

SUDDENLY, AN INTRUDER COMES UPON THE SCENE...

YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE OUT, N'KI... *THIS SHIP IS LEGALLY MINE* SINCE I NEVER GAVE YOU THE PAPERS!

I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT, MISS MALLON!

OF ALL THE ROTTEN TRICKS!

SO LONG, FOLKS, AND THANKS FOR MAKING THIS SHIP SUCH A GOLD MINE FOR ME! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

A WEEK PASSES AND...

NIKI WILL *NEVER* COME HOME, NOT AFTER BEING TRICKED AND LAUGHED AT BY SPADE!

I KNOW HOW YOU HATE GAMBLING BUT, IT'S THE *ONLY* WAY I KNOW TO MAKE SPADE OVER-PLAY *HIS HAND!*

GAMBLING! SUB-MARINER, I'D DO *ANYTHING* TO BREAK SPADE!

ALL RIGHT, THEN! SPADE PUT NIKI'S RESTAURANT-SHIP BACK INTO GAMBLING OUTSIDE THE 3-MILE LIMIT! HERE'S THE IDEA...

SUB-MARINER EXPLAINS HIS PLAN AND THAT NIGHT ON THE "LADY LUCK"...

THIS IS BETWEEN *YOU* AND *ME*, SPADE! I'M GOING TO *BREAK YOU* ON YOUR OWN ROULETTE WHEEL!

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

BUT AFTER AN HOUR AT THE WHEEL...

23 RED GENTLEMAN JOE! THE MALLONS *NEVER* SEEM TO BE LUCKY AGAINST *ME!*

MY LAST HUNDRED THOUSAND ON THE *BLACK!*

ONCE AGAIN, THE WHEEL SPINS AND STOPS...

YOU'VE LOST A FORTUNE, JOE! MAYBE YOU AND NIKI WOULD LIKE TO WORK FOR ME, COLLECTING THE FISHERMEN'S "PROTECTION" MONEY!

I HAVE A FEELING THIS IS...

A RIGGED TABLE! I WANT MY MONEY BACK! ALL *$300,000!*

COVER HIM, SAM!

FOR $300,000 IT'S WORTH *KILLING* YOU, JOE! ESPECIALLY WITH A GOOD LAWYER TO HOLD UP MY PLEA OF *SELF-DEFENSE!*

LEMME TAKE CARE OF HIM, SPADE, TO MAKE UP FOR BOTCHING THE "SLIM" JOB!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, SPADE, BUT *GREED* FINALLY ROTTED AWAY YOUR JUDGMENT AS A CROOK!

OW!

THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF *YOU!*

SHORTLY...

DAD... I'M SO SORRY I HURT YOU!

HMPH! YOU WOULDN'T BE A *MALLON* IF YOU DIDN'T GET IN *SCRAPES!*

SO LONG, FOLKS! GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO HELP!

THE END

THE BIGGER THEY ARE

HENRY ANDERSON, the new owner of Anderson's Variety 5 & 10¢ Store, was sandpapering the new floor he had just installed. He heard a crash of glass. He swung around and saw a huge tough-looking man calmly dropping glass cups onto the floor.

Henry rushed over to the man. "Hey, what do you think you're doing?"

The man snarled, "Just paying a little introductory visit from the Torrelli gang."

Henry's heart froze. The Torrelli gang. What were they doing in such a little town as Montville? They were big-time operators who forced the store owners in large surrounding towns to pay for the privilege of being protected from having their stock smashed and being run out of business.

Henry strived to keep his voice calm. "Certainly, your gang isn't moving into a little store like mine?"

The tough man snickered. "That's what you think, yokel. The big boss is canvassing the state, and every store is going to kick in if they want to stay in business."

Henry gritted his teeth. "This is one store that isn't going to kick in. Why should I pay you for protection? Everybody knows it's your own gang that does the smashing. All your protection amounts to is that your gang stays away."

"Now, aren't you the smart one!" snapped the tough guy. "Look, bud, I haven't got time to discuss technicalities. Either you kick in thirty bucks a month, or we'll be out to visit you tonight and wreck the joint. I'll take this month's payment right now. The big man swept up two handsful of glass tumblers and shattered them on the floor.

Henry stepped in close to the big man, grabbed him by the coat lapels, pulled him forward and swung a hard right cross to his jaw. The man's knees buckled, and he sank to the floor. His hand went inside his coat. He pulled out an automatic and pointed it at Henry. He mumbled, "You hit hard, bud, but I've still got enough strength left to squeeze this trigger."

Henry stood motionless. The man shook his head. In a minute he recovered enough to stand up. He stared glassily at Henry.

"I should let you have it right here, but my instructions from the boss were to get your dough, not to bump you off. For now, you're free, but the gang will be back tonight. When we get through with your store, you'll think a cyclone hit it." The big man hurried out of the store. He got into a car that was waiting at the curb. The car drove away.

Henry went into his office. He phoned Police Headquarters. He told the chief his story. The chief just laughed. The Torrelli gang bothering with a dinky store owner. Henry was crazy. Henry argued for fifteen minutes with the chief, but he could sense the chief would never take him seriously. Henry hung up and walked out of the office.

He got a broom and started to sweep up the broken glass. His wife came in and exclaimed, "Henry Anderson! How did you ever break all those tumblers and cups?"

Henry smiled. "I didn't break them, Judy." Then, he told Judy all about the visit from the member of the Torrelli gang.

Judy's voice shook. "What are we going to do, Henry? The Police Chief won't help. How are we going to stop the gang?"

Henry shook his head. "I don't know, yet, how we'll stop them, but we will. We've got to. We'd be ruined if they smashed our stock."

Henry handed Judy the broom. "Judy, you stay here, and clean up. I'm going over to the library and read some back issues of newspapers that have accounts of how the Torrelli gang works."

At six PM, closing time, Henry walked into the

store. He told Judy he'd read up on the Torrelli gang. He'd found they usually sent six men to break into the store and smash the stock to pieces with crowbars. Judy shivered, "How will we ever stop six men?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "I've got to figure a way and quick. The gang will be here anytime after it gets dark."

Henry paced around the store. He passed the household counter that held dusting rags, mops, polishes, waxes, brooms, pails and similar articles. Suddenly he stopped. Then he smiled, "I've got it," he yelled. "I know how we can stop the Torrelli gang."

"How?" cried Judy.

Henry told Judy his plan. She was very dubious but agreed to try it. They drew the shades to all the windows. Then, for three hours, Judy and Henry did some very mysterious work. After this, they went to the sports goods counter and each picked up a couple of articles.

They went into the office and prepared to put Henry's plan into operation. It soon was dark. Henry and Judy waited in the office.

A half hour passed. CRASH! A huge rock burst through the store front window. Henry leaped up. He stared down the length of the store. A beam of light from a street lamp streamed through a big hole in the window. Otherwise the store was dark.

A voice called out, "Anderson, this is your last chance! Agree to pay us thirty bucks a month for protection, or the boys and I are going to tear your store apart."

It was the voice of the tough guy who had visited Henry in the afternoon. Henry felt his stomach turn cold. Judy crept up beside him. Henry could hear her teeth chatter. Henry hollered defiantly, "Come on in, and try to wreck my store, you bunch of hoodlums. I'm ready!"

"Ok," screamed the tough guy, "if that's the way you feel. Knock down the doors, boys, and rush in."

The doors screeched as the gang forced them. Then the doors burst open. The gang poured in. Henry and Judy tore out of the office.

There were yells and screams from the gang. "I can't stand up! What's happening! Owl My feet went out from under me."

All six men of the gang were rolling around on the floor. They kept trying to stand up, but their feet kept going out from under them. Judy and Henry shined flashlights about, picking out the members of the gang on the floor.

Judy and Henry were each armed with a baseball bat. They'd spot a man with their flashlights as he floundered around on the floor, and then, they'd cold konk him with a smack from the baseball bat. In ten minutes, by cautiously sneaking around from man to man, they had all six layed out cold.

A siren screamed, and the chief pulled up in his car. The Police Chief rushed into the store. "What's going on, Henry?" he shouted, and then, his feet went out from under him.

Henry and Judy roared with laughter when they saw the chief take his spill. Henry walked over to the side of the doorway and switched on the lights. Six men were out cold on the floor. The chief spluttered as he tried to get up. Henry dragged the chief out the front door to the sidewalk.

The chief stood up. He roared, "Why have you got your floor so highly waxed and polished that you can't even stand up on it?"

Henry chuckled, "Merely a method for catching rats."

The chief looked down at Henry's and Judy's feet. "What are those things you two are wearing."

Judy giggled, "They're spiked track shoes. Henry got the idea of waxing and polishing the floor so highly that no one in ordinary shoes could stand up. So what happened? The gang rushed into the store. They couldn't stand up. Then, Henry and I, with the track shoes on, simply walked from floundering crook to floundering crook and beaned him with a baseball bat."

The chief chuckled. Henry grinned, "There's six of the Torrelli gang for you, chief. You know, six of that gang that you said wouldn't bother with a little guy like me."

The chief blushed. "I'll get my men to take care of them right away."

Henry put his arm around Judy's waist, and they walked back into the store, both giggling.

THE END

LET'S PLAY

DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY

BODYGUARD FOR MURDER

3349

"MURDER BROUGHT ME TO THE OFFICE OF TWIG MALLORY, FIGHT PROMOTER! MR. MALLORY HAD BEEN STABBED...

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN DEAD?

THE CORONER SAYS FIVE HOURS SKIP!

"I QUESTIONED THE SUSPECTS - TINY SHAW, AN EX-PUG WHO NOW WAS MALLORY'S BODYGUARD, AND PAMELA PIERCE, THE OFFICE SECRETARY..."

I CAME IN THIS MORNING AT NINE! MALLORY WAS ALREADY AT HIS DESK! PAMELA WAS NOT IN AS YET AND HE ASKED ME TO DROP AN IMPORTANT LETTER DOWN THE MAIL CHUTE IN THE HALL! WHEN I RETURNED I FOUND HIM AS YOU SEE HIM NOW!

OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE! IF MY CAR HADN'T BROKEN DOWN, I WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE ON TIME AND THIS PROBABLY WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SKIP?

A VERY CLEVERLY PLANNED MURDER - BUT I'M AFRAID THE GUILTY PARTY SLIPPED UP ON HIS ALIBI!

"WE TOOK SHAW TO HEADQUARTERS WHERE HE SOON MADE A STATEMENT..."

SHAW, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF TWIG MALLORY!

WHAT TH...?

I-I KILLED HIM! I NEEDED MONEY, SO I DECIDED TO GO THROUGH THE SAFE! MALLORY TRUSTED ME WITH THE COMBINATION! HE CAUGHT ME DEAD COLD! I KILLED HIM! BUT WHERE DID I SLIP UP?

WHEN YOU CLAIMED TO HAVE COME TO THE OFFICE AT 9 O'CLOCK, YOUR ALIBI PLACES THE MURDER SOME-TIME BETWEEN 9 AND 9:30! BUT THE CORPSE WAS DEAD FIVE HOURS, WHICH TELLS ME THAT MALLORY WAS REALLY KILLED AROUND 8 O'CLOCK!

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION...

THE HUMAN TORCH

TORCH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T HIT A *CRIPPLED MAN!*

CAN *THIS* BE *THE HUMAN TORCH*— CHAMPION OF JUSTICE? CAN THERE POSSIBLY BE ANY JUSTIFICATION FOR HIS ACTIONS? THE WAYS OF CRIME ARE DEVIOUS AND THERE ARE TIMES WHEN AN EXPERIENCED CRIMEFIGHTER MUST RESORT TO *STRANGER* TACTICS AS IN THIS CASE OF...

"The JAZZ MURDERS!"

3020

ONCE, NOT SO LONG AGO, ANYBODY WHO KNEW JAZZ, ALSO KNEW TIMMY JORDAN'S PLACE...THINGS HAVE CHANGED, HOWEVER!

PLEASE, SCORCH... *LEAVE TIMMY...* HE COULD GET ANOTHER MANAGER FOR THE CLUB!

TIMMY GAVE ME MY START! I CAN'T LEAVE A HOPELESS CRIPPLE, LINDA!

UNFORTUNATELY, I'M MORE TO HIM THAN A NIGHT CLUB MANAGER!

'LO, SCORCH! HOW'S THE WORLD'S HOTTEST TRUMPET PLAYER?

YOU SEE? EVERYBODY KNOWS MY WORK! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GET PEOPLE INTERESTED IN TIM'S NATIONAL JAZZ FOUNDATION!

BUT.. YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO *PLAY*, YOURSELF!

IF I COULD ONLY MAKE LINDA UNDERSTAND!

THE ONLY THING I *WANT* TO DO IS PLAY DIXIELAND JAZZ! I *WANT* TO LEAVE TIMMY'S AND JOIN THE BOYS AGAIN! BUT A GUY SIMPLY CAN'T LEAVE "POOR TIM FLAT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE COMBINATION MUSEUM AND HOME OF "POOR" TIMMY JORDAN...

QUITE A STORY BEHIND THAT WHEEL, MR CORT! GOT IT FROM SOME NATIVES IN THE CONGO!

LOOKS MORE LIKE A MEDIEVAL *TORTURE RACK* THAN A PRIMITIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

A VERY APPROPRIATE JEST, MR. CORT!

THE WHEEL MIGHT EVEN BE AN INSTRUMENT OF DEATH! *DEATH* FOR ONE OF THE BENEFACTORS OF MY *JAZZ FOUNDATION!*

TIMMY! YOU... YOU'RE WALKING AGAIN!

I'VE RECOVERED FROM MY AUTO MISHAP LONG ENOUGH TO KILL ONE MAN ALREADY! NOW... YOU'RE NEXT!

A WHEEL CHAIR COMES IN HANDY IN MY RACKET! AFTER ALL, WHO COULD CONVICT TIMMY JORDAN, THE CRIPPLE, OF KILLING RICH ENTHUSIASTS OF JAZZ, FOR INSURANCE FORTUNES?

CRACK

ESPECIALLY WHEN THE MONEY COMES TO ME THROUGH A FOUNDATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF JAZZ, PLUGGED BY INNOCENT SCORCH LIDDEL!

YOU SEE, PEDRO, WHEN THE WHEEL SPINS FAST ENOUGH, CENTRIFUGAL FORCE WILL BREAK BLOOD VESSELS IN CORT'S HEAD AND FEET, SIMULATING A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE!

WHEN HE'S FOUND DEAD IN HIS CAR... EVERYONE WILL SAY THAT HE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES! RIGHT?

ONLY THE BROKEN VEINS IN HIS FEET MIGHT BETRAY US!

AND ONCE-RICH EDGAR CORT IS QUITE DEAD!

BY THE TIME THEY FIND HIM HERE.. OUTSIDE HIS HOME, I'LL BE BACK IN MY WHEELCHAIR!

QUICK, BOBS, I HEAR A CAR!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

BUT DO YOU PERSONALLY THINK THERE WAS ANYTHING STRANGE ABOUT THE DEATH OF ANSON, TORCH?

THE INSURANCE PEOPLE ARE SUSPICIOUS, SUN GIRL!

JUST BECAUSE THREE POLICIES HAVE BEEN SIGNED OVER TO THE JAZZ FOUNDATION? AND BECAUSE ANSON WAS KILLED BY AFRICAN POISON ON ONE OF THE INSTRUMENTS IN HIS OWN COLLECTION?

LOOK!

IT'S CORT'S CAR! AND CORT!

SHORTLY...INSIDE CORT'S HOME...

LOOKS LIKE A STROKE! BUT MR. CORT'S BLOOD PRESSURE HAS ALWAYS BEEN *NORMAL!*

NO SIGN OF VIOLENCE! JUST A SLIGHT BUMP ON THE HEAD!

TWO DEATHS! NOW TWO INSURANCE POLICIES PAID TO THE JAZZ FOUNDATION!

LOOK AT THESE FEET!

BLOOD VESSELS BROKEN IN HIS *FEET*, TOO! I NEVER SAW A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE LIKE THAT!

C'MON, SUN GIRL! WE'RE LEAVING!

ACCORDING TO THE INSURANCE PEOPLE, SCORCH LIDDEL IS PLUGGING THE FOUNDATION! HIS CLUB ISN'T FAR FROM HERE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE CLUB...

WHAT? SCORCH LIDDEL, YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU *LOST* YOUR FAMOUS TRUMPET?

BUT, LINDA...

I COULD SWEAR I LEFT MY TRUMPET AT TIMMY'S HOME A FEW DAYS AGO! BUT HE SAYS *NOT!*

THAT SETTLES IT!

A PRACTISING MUSICIAN SIMPLY *DOESN'T LOSE* HIS INSTRUMENT! HE *LIVES* WITH IT! AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT *YOU* DO THE SAME, SCORCH, FROM NOW ON!

BUT, L NDA...

TIM JORDAN IS GOING TO RELEASE YOU OR I'M GOING TO SIGN MY INSURANCE POLICY OVER TO SOMETHING *ELSE* BESIDES THE JAZZ FOUNDATION!

LOYALTY CAN BE CARRIED *TOO* FAR!

WELL! WELL!

SO IT'S *TIMMY'S* JAZZ FOUNDATION, SCORCH, *NOT YOURS?*

THE FOUNDATION IS A *GREAT IDEA*, TORCH! AND I'M DOING MY *BEST* TO PLUG IT FOR TIM!

WHAT A SPOT FOR ME! WORK FOR TIMMY AND LOSE LINDA, OR LEAVE TIMMY AND BE A *HEEL!*

DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT EDGAR CORT DIED TONIGHT, SCORCH?

WHAT? HE'S THE *SECOND* ONE! LOOKS LIKE ALL THE PATRONS OF THE FOUNDATION HAVE A JINX!

THERE'S STILL YOUR GIRL LINDA! SHE LOOKS PRETTY HEALTHY!

HEALTHY! SHE SOUNDED LIKE A VOLCANO GOING OFF WHEN I TOLD HER I'D LOST THE FAMOUS LIDDEL TRUMPET!

LOST?

I STILL THINK IT'S SOMEWHERE AROUND TIM'S! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH IF LINDA DOESN'T PULL THE WHOLE HOUSE DOWN AROUND POOR TIM'S EARS!

AT "POOR" TIM'S, IT SEEMS THAT AT LEAST THE TRUMPET IS SAFE...

WHY... SCORCH'S HORN!

I HADN'T PLANNED TO MOVE QUITE SO FAST, LINDA! BUT SINCE YOU'RE FORCING THE ISSUE...

AND YOU CAN WALK!

OF COURSE! AND SCORCH'S HORN IS PART OF A NEAT PLAN... FOR MURDER!

BEFORE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO RETRACT THE FOUNDATION AS THE INSURANCE BENEFICIARY, YOU'LL BE DEAD! YOUR SKULL WILL BE BROKEN BY SCORCH'S HORN!

NO!

OF COURSE, SCORCH DOESN'T KNOW THAT SUSPICION WILL FIX ON HIM, ONCE THE HORN IS FOUND WITH YOUR BODY! YOU MUST BE VERY QUIET NOW! I'VE A CALL TO MAKE!

YOU'VE FOUND MY HORN, TIM? GREAT!

LINDA'S HERE AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! I'M LEAVING THE HOUSE NOW WITH PEDRO, SO YOU TWO CAN BE ALONE!

HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE FOR A CRIPPLE TO BE BEHIND ALL THIS, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE! I'M HEADED FOR TIM'S! MEET ME THERE!

RIGHT!

A MINUTE LATER, AS TORCH BURSTS INTO SPEEDING FLAME!

IT ALL ADDS UP! THE POLICIES, THE STRANGE DEATHS OF CORT AND ANSON... NOW LINDA! AND WITH SCORCH'S HORN TO *FRAME* SCORCH!

YOUR TRUMPETER WON'T BE LONG IN COMING, LINDA! AND I WANT TO BE OUT OF THE HOUSE WHEN HE FINDS *YOUR BODY!*

NO!

SUDDENLY...

THE HUMAN TORCH!

SO YOU AREN'T A CRIPPLE AFTER ALL, TIM!

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

AGREED! BUT IF I KEEP MY DISTANCE, I'M COUNTING ON A *CONFESSION!*

TEN SHORT MINUTES LATER...

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILL FIND THIS CONFESSION ON *MURDER* AND *MOTIVE* QUITE INTERESTING!

IT'S SCORCH AND THE SUN GIRL!

AND FINALLY...

SCORCH, I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL IDEA.. WE'LL GET THE BOYS BACK AT THE CLUB AND RUN IT *STRICTLY* FOR JAZZ!

SWELL! BUT I NEED A *MANAGER*- A *MRS.* SCORCH LIDDEL TO RUN THINGS RIGHT!

TIME TO MAKE OUR EXIT, TORCH!

THE END

Amazing Fascinating Exciting

FUN FOR ALL!

with these **SMASH VALUES**

SENSATION ON WHEELS

the SIDEWALK SAILER

Here's how to sail without water! You don't need a lake to go sailing . . . . the SIDEWALK SAILER skims along like a real racer over any land surface with even the lightest breeze. It's a true scale sailing model of the nationally famous Florida Beach sensation, the Sand Sailer. It's sturdily built for seasons of fun—the metal body is 12" x 10", with resilient rubber wheels and a 32" mast. The sail is of tear-proof vinyl plastic in rainbow fleet colors. Easy to carry because it's demountable. For some mighty smooth sailing—send in your order today!

ONLY **$2.49** Complete

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Complete with REAL Punching Bag and Metal Stand

This is great stuff for youngsters. Dad will come in for his share of the fun, too! It builds muscles and teaches co-ordination. The perfect gift for junior for Christmas. The punching bag is made of simulated pig grained leather. The bag is attached to a flexible steel rod standing 42" high. The stand is made of enameled metal brightly colored in red; 10" wide; 18" long. Each unit is adjustable and portable and comes complete with inflating needle. Packed individually in Joe Palooka Storeway Chest.

Only **$5.95** Complete Set

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A STICK OF GUM WITH EACH DEPOSIT!

CHEWING GUM MACHINE and BANK

That Really Works!

FREE!

A package of gum with each machine

Fun for all, kiddies and grown-ups the fascinating and sensational novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, nickel or dime in a coin slot—pull the lever and out comes a stick of real gum. It's a bank too because the money remains locked in and can only be opened with a key supplied. Made of gleaming plastic and metal in two bright colors.

$1.98

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Lift Up a Drink . . . and Your Tie Comes Up Too . . .

WITH THE NEW **FAMOUS FLIP-UP TIE!**

Here's a load of laughs—just waiting for your order! It's the famous FLIP-UP TIE—the newest, funniest thing in town. You can make your tie pop up, instantly—lie flat in a second. Your tie rises and falls as fast or as slowly as you want it—you control the speed. Mystify your friends with this new "magic"—easy to perform . . . any place, any time, and right under the noses of your friends. Be ready to startle your gang into howls of laughter the next time they get together—get the FLIP-UP—it's the life of the party!

$1.98 Complete

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Press the Button!
Watch the wheels spin!
and "BINGO!"

The Family's Favorite Winning Game!

Fun galore can be had for the first time at home with all the thrills, fascination and close calls of a real BINGO GAME. Loads of enjoyment at parties, games for the children and grown-ups who get their share of fun. Push the plunger down . . . 'round and 'round she goes automatically and nobody knows who the next winner is. BINGO is a complete game of chance. Furnished complete with master chart. Good supply of BINGO cards and chips . . . sufficient for 15 players. Has nothing to get out of order. Made of steel and finished with attractive shiny nickel and pull satin stripes.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

$2.89 complete with Bingo Cards and Chips

SLEEPY TIME BLONDIE

PLATINUM BLONDIE'S LITTLE SISTER COMES COMPLETE WITH ROCKING CRADLE

- 16" High
- Drinks & Wets
- Rocks in her Cradle
- Movable Arms & Legs

SLEEPY - TIME BLONDIE is ten inches of blonde hair, blue-eyed joy with her rosebud mouth open and waiting to be fed by the lucky little girl who owns her. BLONDIE is tucked into a real rocking cradle that's decorated with baby scenes and a gay, quilted chintz coverlet. She wears a little white diaper and drinks from a nursing bottle with a real rubber nipple. SLEEPY-TIME BLONDIE is just the kind of doll all little girls dream about—you can get her by sending your order today.

$2.49 Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Rush your order today. Remit order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

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ASTONISH, AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

Great Fun for Young and Old. You can be the life of the party and have lots of fun. Tie easily put on. Flashes on and off by simply pressing battery button which is hidden in your pocket. Comes complete with attractive bow tie, two bulbs and battery.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED on all of the above items.

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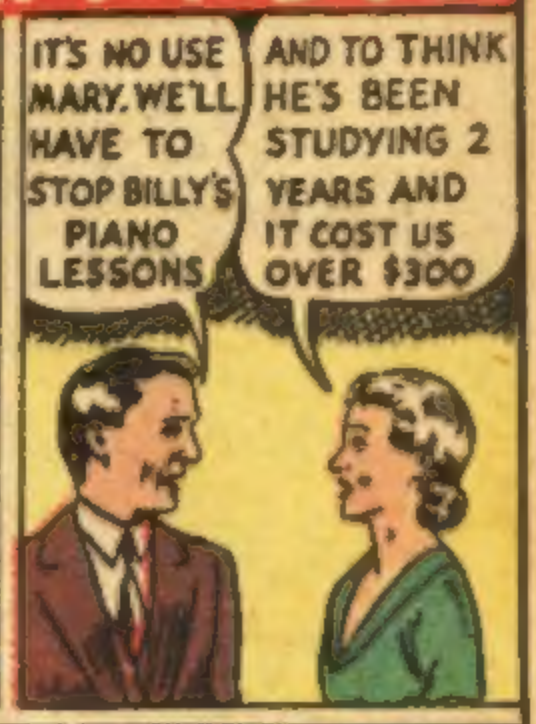
PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY
AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN



HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST.. BOBBY
IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE
AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?
WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY $2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE. 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

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Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only $2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only $2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose $2) Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your $2 will be refunded.

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You CAN LOSE UP TO 7 POUNDS IN ONE WEEK

SAFELY! WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

PROTAM PLAN Good for Ladies Too!

NO DRUGS
NO STARVATION
NO EXERCISE
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NOTHING TO WEAR

LOSE UGLY FAT NOW . . . Notice the difference in POUNDS and INCHES the very first week, whether Overweight 10 or 100 Pounds . . . even if burdened with Fat for many years (illness excepted). The Protam Plan controls weight . . . once down to normal, it helps retain your new "athlete's waistline" as long as you like . . . NOT A TEMPORARY LOSS. Protam is not a Drug, Laxative or Thyroid . . . absolutely Harmless . . . Is Good For You.

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Send me in plain package the 8 oz. Protam Plan for a Ten Day Free Trial. I will pay postman $2.50 plus postage. This money will be refunded immediately, including postage, if I do not solely REDUCE to my satisfaction within 10 Days. I RISK NOTHING.

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TWEENY IS BIG ALMOST 14 IN. TALL

TWEENY drinks! wets! skin like real baby's

with this sensational TWEENY NURSERY SET that gives her everything she loves and wants for "playing mother". Never before has a doll with wonderful baby-like skin been offered at this low price—with Baby Bath and Dressing Table combination and layette too—SEE HER DRINK FROM HER BOTTLE—WET HER DIAPERS—GET A BATH—GO TO SLEEP!

BATH TUB AND DRESSING TABLE COMBINATION—lift top for tub beneath

YOU would think TWEENY alone would cost $4.98. So big! So real! Imagine the fun your child will have giving TWEENY her bottle and changing her diapers, for TWEENY really—feeds from her bottle—and really wets like any baby will.

She's adorable, too . . . with such chubby pink cheeks, natural-looking head, long eyelashes, deep blue sparkling eyes that open and close, movable legs, and a body of soft rubber skin lifelike to the touch that looks, feels and washes like baby. And when time for TWEENY to bathe and get dolled up . . . there's her combination bath tub and dressing table plus complete change of outfit—all part of this TWEENY NURSERY SET—all included without extra cost in this extraordinary $4.98 offer!

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